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AGAIN THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY.

THE Democratic party has still enough power left in the National Senate to do considerable mischief. And it is doing it.

The business revival for which the whole country is waiting cannot be realized until the new tariff rates are finally settled. Everybody understands that as long as there is any doubt of what the new duties on merchandise are to be, neither manufacturers nor importers can go ahead and do business with confidence. Until the Dingley tariff bill becomes a law, therefore, every industry in the country is kept in a state of suspense, and all our foreign import trade is on a speculative basis.

It is, indeed, exasperating to the common sense of the country that this bill, after passing the House so promptly and by an ample majority, which represented the latest expression of the popular will, should be hung up in the unpopular chamber and kept from passing by a group of Senators who stand for nothing except the supposed advantage to be gained for the Bryanite Democracy. They are deliberately prolonging the prostration of business and obstructing the return of prosperity in the belief that they will thereby make party capital. It is the dog-in-the-manger policy and in the end it will defeat itself.

The country will not be cajoled into believing either that the tariff folly of 1894 or the free-silver coinage crusade of 1896 was wise or right, simply because the Democratic donkey has sat down on the tracks of legislation, blocked the passage of the new tariff bill, and thus postponed the return of prosperity. Our double-page cartoon shows the situation as it is, and as the country clearly sees it.

GOLDWIN SMITH fancies that the end of government by parties is approaching in this country, as well as in England.

Mr. SMITH is one of those far-sighted men who see further into the future than any of us expect to get. Posterity alone will be able to contradict him, and when posterity arrives Mr. SMITH will not be here to be contradicted.

THE bucket shops must go. They are outside the pail of the law.

YES, the Turbinia is certainly a marine wonder. She is a little boat, 100 feet in length, driven by a steam turbine. On her recent trial made in English waters she sped nearly 33 knots an hour. At this rate the Atlantic ocean could be crossed in

three days and ten hours. By all means hurry up the new ocean line of turbine steamships, and give us all a chance to see Europe and get back within the limit of a fortnight's vacation.

THE NEW UNCLE SAM.

NEW occasions teach new duties," as LOWELL remarks in one of his noblest poems. In these days there must be a bicycle edition to everything. That is the new occasion that teaches the new duty.

From Prince to peasant the whole world has taken to the wheel. Political issues have become uninteresting compared with the larger problem that agitates the nations—What is the name of your wheel? States, cities and towns are chiefly absorbed with making laws and ordinances concerning bicycles and their riders. The largest item of expenditure by municipalities in the near future will be for laying asphalt pavement and building cycle paths.

The new order of things will, of course, bring in a new symbolism. Among other things that will need revising will be our national figures of speech and art. Miss Columbia will have to go into short skirts and bicycle boots. Uncle Sam at least will have to be brought up to date. The striped pantaloons and top boots that have served him so long must be abandoned in favor of knickerbockers and golf stockings. The stars that have hitherto spangled his vest will hereafter adorn the collar of his sweater; while the stripes will be transferred to his stockings. And the tall beaver hat that he has worn for a hundred years and more will now be replaced with a jaunty bicycle cap.

Our artist has sketched this Uncle Sam in our title-page cartoon. The hale and hearty old chap is evidently good for a great many centuries runs over the high road of civilization—and he won't take anybody's dust either.

AN UNSELFISH MAN.



HE loves to sacrifice himself
For other people's good,
Yet by an evil-minded world
He's never understood.

He'd love to rise and make the fires
While his wife breakfasts in bed;
But since his darling so desires
She waits on him instead.

He knows that talents such as his
He surely should employ,
And working fifteen hours a day
Would give him keener joy.

But then the thought comes full of dread,
He might perhaps be fatal
Some worthy man in need of bread;
So he does not work at all!

No matter what his heart may be,
If he meets a beggar man
He always gives him good advice
The very best he can.

He cheers him up by pointing out
The error of his way
(What if the grateful man doubt?)
An accomplished duty pays!

His wife he deems so delicate
That he has never dared
To take her to a theatre.

However much she cares,
Her health and happiness are so
Much dearer than his own,
That he resigns himself to go
To play-houses alone.

So are his days and nights made bright
By deeds of sacrifice
Living to gladden some one sad
However dear the price.
Obliterating self to make
The lives he loves more good;
Humbly resigned for duty sake
To be misunderstood.

RALLI is the name of the new Prime Minister of Greece. It is appropriate, too, for the first duty of the Prime Minister for the Greeks is to Ralli around the flag.

THE old adage says, "It never rains but it pours." But that will have to be revised. Under the Raines law it doesn't pour on Sundays. It used to do in Greater New York.